

UNITY

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Editorial

Onward and ever on,

Till the voice of despair is stilled,

Till the haven of peace is won,

And the purpose of God fulfilled.

—Miss Monroe's Commemoration Ode.

It is fitting that the great series of congresses to be held during the World's Fair should be inaugurated next week by the women; for they who have so long been kept in the background have by their energy, wisdom, and zeal fairly won their right to this post of honor.

THE one ambition to provide the wherewith to sustain life is as paralyzing to the poor man as it is to the rich. Selfishness is a curse all along the line, and the law of love and service holds the laborer's happiness in its grasp just as firmly as it does that of the millionaire.

ALAS for him who, seeing the

value of a dollar, fails to see the value of a kind word! His business vision will soon be blurred and success will bring to him no triumphs. Spiritual vision is as necessary in trade as in the legislative hall or in the pulpit. The spiritual commodities of kindness, forbearance and courtesy are counting-room necessities.

THE gospel of free thought will never convert the world from the pulpit; the power must come from the counting-room, from the manufacturing shop. When our business men come to feel that they are called to free the world from superstition, to lift it out of poverty, to cement it with love, then and not until then may the kingdom of God, the republic of the spirit, be expected.

OUR "field" is the world, and we solicit notes of progress and activity from anywhere along the advance line. A venture in Australia strengthens the purposes of the lonely toiler in Oregon, and a failure in Yucatan may start a saving wave of sympathy from the shores of Labrador. Give to UNITY the good news from everywhere. And it is sometimes good to know of brave sailors who have gone down with their flag flying. There are triumphs in defeats.

SCIENCE will one day emphasize more the measureless power of environment as a modifier of unfortunate heredity, and the possibility of correcting ante-natal biases by post-natal discipline; of rearranging the cellular tissue of the brain, if that is what is needed by training. Gentle women have been made of the daughters of violent mothers. Patient and sober sons have grown up to rebuke rash and dissolute fathers. The misfortunes of birth may be largely overcome by the good fortunes of life.

ARE there any Unitarian churches within the limits of the Western

Unitarian Conference that do not claim to be Free churches, undogmatic in their fellowship, progressive in their methods? All these churches will also admit that there are Free churches within this territory identical with them in spirit and aim, that are not Unitarian in name and antecedent. Would not this conference be coming not only to itself, but to its own, if it called itself the Western Conference of Liberal or Free Churches? Perhaps some day it will rise to its mission, opportunity and calling in some such way as that; not until the word *movement* will be emphasized more than the word Unitarian in the phrase that bespeaks its prophet traditions and the prophetic element in its inheritance. America is making its church. We will not wait for it, but work for it.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, whose name must be dear to every truth-lover, an inspiration to sincerity, and a rebuke to all half-heartedness and halting compromises of statements however innocent, writes to the editor of the *Free Church Record*, as published in the April number, as follows:

I fervently hope that your new Free Church will prove to be strong to live and become the Star of the West. From my soul I sympathize with your movement, and congratulate you and your new society on the boldness, the beauty, and the truth of your new position, "broader than Christian, broader than Unitarian, namely, Human; preferring strict loyalty to truth to the advantages of association unethically acquired." I pray you stand fast by those principles with all the immobility of your own Mt. Tacoma! For they are the foundation of the moral universe itself, and on them you dedicate yourself to the Eternal God. May your brave little company of truth-lovers and truth-servers prove to be that city set on a hill which cannot be hid. I greet you and them with joy, love, and hope, for our cause is one.

How do you like our new dress? Suggestions are in order.

ON BROADENING LINES.

In donning a new dress UNITY enters, it is hoped, on a new lease of life. With no regret for the past, with encouragement for the present, and with high faith for the future, there seems every reason why our weekly message should continue to go forth gathering added strength and resolution for all the duties new and old that shall crowd upon us. The time is opportune for new consecration and high resolves. These Columbian days bring each its fresh suggestion, luring the whole world even into broader, happier paths; making it seem for each and all worth while to widen private and public horizons, to enter into the more blessed bonds of universal and intimate brotherhood. It is the whole of mankind that comes to our doors; all races, all religions, all manner of arts, all discoveries of science, all customs and fashions show forth the varying expressions of human worth and intelligence. But like the architectural beauty of the White City itself, the varieties blend into one pleasing unity of life and being. It is one race, with one aspiration, with one destiny.

UNITY would be false to itself, false to the hour and the inspiration did it fail to catch new life, new vigor from these manifold assurances of widest co operation, united with fraternal rivalries and emulation.

Carrying our thought still into the religious life of the world, we shall continue our plea for larger boundaries, our determination to mere and more bespeak for ourselves and our friends wisdom and charity to make yet broader and broader the lines of human activity and fellowship.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast."

At the same time UNITY knows that there will be battles to fight, victories to be won. We shall not shrink from speaking our fullest, frankest word. But that word, however plain, however uncompromising it shall be, shall carry, we in all sincerity trust, no suggestion of other than friendliest relation with all opposing honesty. Only one thing is forever intolerable, and that is insin-

cerity. All else one must welcome, differ how widely it may from the conviction he is alone able to cherish.

We want to succeed, but in the future as in the past, we will take counsel of principle, not expediency. Bright as the sky appears, we know full well 'tis as yet only the dawn of the new day that we behold. We press still forward, nothing doubting, to the more gracious time prophesied when religious bigotries, bitternesses, hatreds, shall have been banished never to return. This we do not expect by ignoring honest differences, but by respecting them, giving them free play and a fair field, with no *Odium Theologicum* attached to any minority or majority opinion.

In another column will be found our reconstructed staff of Editorial Contributors, with a business word in connection therewith. In that list our readers will miss some of the familiar names; those of tried and true friends, who, from remoteness, preoccupation, or other reasons, have felt compelled to withhold their names from the list of those who will try to regularly enrich our columns. In place of these names our readers will rejoice with us in the discovery of new names that will indicate that slowly UNITY is reaching the constituency for whose sake it came into being, the progressive mind, the devout thinker, the free spirit, not in one communion alone, but in all the different sections of the liberal movement in religion.

We welcome our genial friend and neighbor, Dr. Thomas, the pastor of the People's Church of Chicago, a man whose heart is ever on the sunward side, an heroic representative of the independent movement in religion, which already represents a considerable organized constituency and an immense unorganized element. This element is unrelated to the Unitarian and Universalist tradition, and has but little interest in the machinery of these denominations. But it is intimately related with the fundamental principles and prophetic inspirations of these two movements, and it is to bring a large contribution to the Liberal Church of the future, and is a part of the constituency UNITY would fain represent and serve. Dr. Thomas writes: "I shall be glad to be counted in the fellowship you represent, and will willingly do what I can to help the cause; for I am coming to feel more and more

that we are one in spirit and working for the same great end."

Equally cordial is the acceptance of Dr. Canfield, pastor of St. Paul's Church. The Universalists have their contribution to make to the coming church. They are a part of the forces that are making for the Free Church, the Liberal Church of America. Dr. Canfield's own words are his best introduction.

The prospective UNITY meets with my hearty sympathy and approval. I shall be glad to join hands with you in the great enterprise of providing a working hypothesis which will help to bring order and harmony into our chaotic liberalism. Thirty years of work and observation have convinced me that we can scarcely hope for much further progress until we coalesce, at least so far as to present more of a united front to the outside world. To organize liberty and individuality is a difficult task, but whoever succeeds in doing it will be a greater religious benefactor than Martin Luther or John Calvin, or even Channing or Ballou. We can at least help to prepare the way for him.

Equally cordial are the words of Mr. Mangasarian, representative of the Ethical Culture Society. Ethics is the cornerstone of the coming temple; that which makes for the betterment of man undoubtedly contributes to the glory of God. Mr. Mangasarian says: "You say 'we want to emphasize not our differences but our harmonies.' Surely our differences are insignificant; in spirit we are one, in purpose we are one, in the hope of a larger tomorrow we are one, and it is well that we should draw closer to one another, and give to one another the comradeship of spirit. I like UNITY exceedingly and feel that it has a mission. It is with great pleasure that I accept your invitation to come on the editorial staff."

We place also, for the first time, on the list of our editorial contributors, the names of Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer of Providence, R. I., Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold of Columbus, Wis., Mrs. Florence G. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, Wis., and Sidney H. Morse of Chicago, names so familiar to our readers that they need no introduction. They are of the UNITY household by the law of natural selection and divine appointment. If Mrs. Spencer was to be labeled at all, the name of the Free Religious Association would perhaps best fit her. The next two represent the religiousness of litera-

ture, the preaching potency in culture, the piety of the humanities. Mr. Morse begins in this number some art notes from the World's Fair, and so far as space admits he will help us interpret the world of art, and enlist it in the service of religion.

As to our relation to the Unitarians of America, it will remain the same as ever. *With* them always in their makings for freedom, fellowship and character in religion, but never forgetting that the movement for truth, righteousness, and love is not coterminous with their name. We may find within their ranks, as within other ranks, antagonism which it will be our duty to oppose and counteract. The same relations of intimate comradeship as have heretofore existed between UNITY and the Western Unitarian Conference we hope will continue. Domiciled together, justifying the intimacy by the exchange of mutual courtesies, we will continue to be its news-gatherer and messenger, which service we will be glad to render to all the other activities represented. We hope for a union by confederation of existing forces, not a destruction of existing organization. We will aim to criticise by creation.

Together we will seek to keep step with advancing thought, to unite reason and reverence, free thought and helpfulness, to discover, teach, and increase the unity among those who would serve character and not creed, and find their adequate bond of union in loving service to the cause of truth, righteousness, and love in the needy world. Will you help us?

THE SOCIAL OPPORTUNITY OF MRS. CLEVELAND;

OR,

THE HERO AS SOCIETY WOMAN.

American society leaders have had two emphatic warnings. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Whitney, on whom rested a large part of the social burdens of Washington for a few years, were both crushed by it.

The demands of formal society in any city where there are "four hundred" or more people to call upon, receive calls from, send invitations to and accept or refuse invitations from, are a tax upon physical and nervous strength which brings no adequate return.

The objects of these formalities are the broadening of sympathies which results from the contact with

different types of personality, and the attendant opportunities to select from the mass of society those congenial units who may become real friends. The latter object is too often defeated by the very complexity of society itself, which leaves no time to cultivate intimacies. The first could be attained in some other way than by house-to-house calling and crowded receptions.

Here is the great opportunity for the "Hero as Society Woman," in Carlylese. She must be a social genius. Mrs. Cleveland is everywhere credited with being this. She, or some leader of society in Washington or New York, could set an example which would be copied from Bangor to Spokane. She must aim at simplicity, and at the substitution for empty social forms of forms which she shall devise and which shall be useful and elevating.

A suggestion of the method of this reform is not original with me. It is that all the society people in a city or a "set" build a club house, which shall be a social clearing house. Weekly or fortnightly receptions could take the place of calls and "at homes," and leave the remaining days for home, children, friends, study, charity, etc. The club house will naturally be the center of literary, artistic, charitable, and educational clubs, as well as smaller social clubs. The members will unite in pursuit of some worthy aim other than the display of costumes and furniture. Men and women will both belong to the club, with both separate and common parlors. Strangers coming to live in the city will be carefully looked after.*

Society women now have often to deny themselves culture, benevolence, and intimate society of dear friends on account of the undue pressure of formal life. The new century must see a new departure. F. G. B.

NOBLE LIVES AND NOBLE DEEDS.†

This is one of the best series of character lessons yet published by either our Eastern or Western Sunday School Society; best by its plan. The plan is to concentrate each les-

*Why not make this "Club" the Free Church Home, open seven days in the week, teaching, helping and working, as well as the above work?—Ed.

†A Series of Lessons for Sunday Schools. Published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Boston. Price, per copy, 1 cent; per 100, 75 cents.

son-topic, as self-control, honor, courage, etc., upon some one or two noble persons who in life have royally illustrated that especial virtue. Each lesson thus becomes a little biography, and this two-page biography is long enough to show an outline of the life, with interesting anecdotes. To this outline many other suggestions, questions and references are added. Thus No. 1 is in topic "Self-Control;" the noble life is "Washington." No. 2, in topic, "Concentration;" the noble life, "Mary Carpenter." No. 3 is "Honesty," with "Abraham Lincoln" to illustrate it. No. 11, "Duty," and "Sir Walter Scott." No. 14, "Honor," and "Chevalier Bayard." No. 16, "Affection," and "St. Francis." No. 26, "Ambition," and "Havelock" (this is one of the best). No. 31, "Courage," and "Dr. Kane." No. 35, "Mercy," and "Dorothea Dix." Of the forty lessons these named seemed to us, in an hour's reading, among the best. Twenty-three friends have taken part in the making, most of them contributing a single lesson; but Mrs. Kate G. Wells gives five, and the earnest secretary, Mr. Horton, a round dozen. They are by no means equally well done. "Good" and "fairly good," we say, as we pass along; yet very few suggest that the writer said to himself: "Let me try to make this a little masterpiece." It would have been well worth while to say exactly that and to write and rewrite, touch and retouch, until each virtue stood out a clear-cut, shining, not-to-be-forgotten face. Now and then the fitting of the life and topic seems to fail; you see the face, but not the special virtue in it which it is meant to illustrate. But the plan of the lesson is good enough and new enough to dim all blemishes and earn our hearty welcome for the series. In the Western "six years' course," the subject plotted for the last part of the fourth year (which is next year) is called "Illustrations of Manhood and Womanhood;" and we are not likely to make anything as good as these lessons to fill that niche. This last sentence, however, suggests a final wonder—how is it that, out of forty noble lives in such a course, but four are women's lives?

W. C. G.

LONG periods of time are required to establish on sure foundations any vital truth, but far longer periods are required to dispose of dead superstitions.

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Contributed and Selected

REBUKED.

I am so tired!
There lies my bow unstrung,
Nor strength have I to string it o'er again,
To fix the arrow, or to sight the mark
I've missed so oft. Why should I longer
strive?—
But trail my bow behind me in the dust,
Unstrung,—so tired, so tired am I.

Without my window in the summer air
A spider weaves his web. Would I had
marked
The times he's strove to fling the slender
thread
From point to point and fasten it. The
wind,
That wanton, breaks the airy thing
Each time, and once a bird's swift wing
Severed the dainty bridge but just com-
plete.

Oh, meanest creature thou!
Shall I, a prince of God's own royal line,
Be shamed by thee? My bow again I'll
bend
With newer strength; more taut shall be
The string, my sight more keen, more fixed
and true
My aim;—and higher place the mark!
Then when 'tis time, I pray
The cord may snap with clear resounding
twang,
Just as an arrow speeds to highest flight!
ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

SUNDAY AT THE GATES.

Closed are the gates?
Oh, open the gates!
O impious deed, O action rude,
To close from view one day in seven
The fairest scene 'neath the blue heaven!
Yea, open the gates
Full wide! No son of man exclude.
Behold what man creates!
What folly hideth this display
Of human worth each seventh day;
This glory of the nations;
The e choice abbreviations
Of all the earth's industrial life;
This outcome of a noble strife?
Yea, open the gates
To the equal fates.

M.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Phillips was a born fighter, but he fought on the side of the weak and oppressed. Extravagant of statement, doubtless, as popular orators are wont to be; hurling his bolts red hot and flaming at a shining mark. "Men blame us," he said, "for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it through their idols." As illustration, when he went to Music Hall to deliver his famous

philippic against Webster, who had given his support to the Fugitive Slave bill, he knew he must conquer his audience at the start. Calmly he stepped to the front of the platform to begin his speech with the words, "The infamous Webster." Unperturbed, he paused till the fury of the galleries, where the opposing forces gathered, had spent itself. Then, in louder tones, he repeated the same words. Again and again was the battle renewed, but every time Phillips' voice grew louder and sterner, while the mad response of the audience grew weaker and weaker. The enemy had shouted itself hoarse. Phillips then went on to tell why, in his opinion, Daniel Webster had made himself "infamous."

He had grown familiar with mobs, had faced a great number of them, and had nearly always emerged from the conflict victorious. Hissing, eggs, boulders at the beginning; salvos of applause at the end!

On one occasion in Boston his audience was more than ever determined he should not be heard. The moment he uttered a word the noise began. At length he shouted: "Then I will talk to the country," and dropping his voice until it was possible only for the reporters in front of him to hear, he went serenely on with his speech. Gradually the tumult ceased, and men began leaning forward, the rioters with others, if possible, to catch his words. Then gradually he raised his voice to the natural pitch. As often as the disturbance was renewed he "talked to the country." Of course he won the fight.

But I remember one fight he did not win. It was in Cincinnati just before the war. The mob, as usual, had possession of the gallery. From the beginning he was met with interruptions of every description. Eggs began flying through the air. One struck him full on his white bosom. He used his handkerchief, but his speech did not falter. Then a stone as large as one's fist came whirring down and struck the floor at his feet. Still undaunted he stooped and picked the ugly missile up and held it aloft toward the gallery from whence it came. Gazing an instant, he said, amidst profound silence: "The man who threw this boulder did not aim to hit me. He aimed it at an idea; but you can't hit ideas with boulders." The applause

that thundered from every part of the house seemed to extinguish the mob's spirit and determine the victory for the orator. But the orator was there to speak his entire mind. The very next sentence lashed the galleries again to fury. Down the stairs the mob, howling, rushed, the cry of "Go for him" heard above the din. A tragic end appeared to be imminent. Phillips, pale but defiant, advanced to the front of the platform. Friends came rapidly from the rear to bodily carry him beyond the reach of danger. Meanwhile the progress of the mob up the aisle had been stayed by the stubborn resistance of one gray-haired old man. He had wrenched a chair from its place and turned on the enemy with such effect that needed time had been gained. The lights were turned off; the lecturer was defeated.

The career of Phillips furnishes a unique chapter in American history. Whatever his merits or demerits as a reformer, he was always a free citizen, above party and creed, neither holding nor seeking office, a believer in the common people—educated by agitation. A gentleman, an aristocrat by birth, and yet a democrat to the core.

S. H. M.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY.

The issue involved in the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday goes deeper than is commonly supposed. The question is not whether the observance of Sunday as a day of rest, that is, as a holiday, is or is not in harmony with Christian tradition, or the present prevailing desire of the Christian church. The state, which appoints the seventh-day rest, conforming to Jewish or Christian practice, does so, not in behalf of and for the purpose of promoting the Christian religion, but solely because the people of the country generally desire a recurring rest day, and have no objection to taking the one the prevailing religious denominations have chosen. Any other day than Sunday would serve as well; it is simply a consideration of expediency. The government here is supposed to be "a government of the people, by the people, for the people," and what the people desire is always in order, save only that the people's will, expressed by the majority, shall never trespass on the reserved rights of the minority; among which is the right of exemp-

tion from all religious interference—a right secured by the Constitutional provision that no form of religion shall be established. The desire of the framers of that instrument is perfectly clear and explicit, and yet the power of Christian zealots has been able from the very beginning of the republic to get engrafted into every State constitution throughout the Union laws that compel the observance of Christian commands and ceremonies. The appointment of chaplains in the two houses of Congress and in the Legislatures of the several States is but one illustration of many that could be given. What are these acts but the establishment of religion in the state; invasions of personal liberty which the Christian church has instigated and continually advocates? The Sunday rest-day, it has converted into a sectarian religious day, and in every State the statutes bristle with penalties for the secular offender. Yet there is not the least warrant in the Constitution for any other than a purely secular day, a day in which the people all may rest from their labors and enjoy themselves, or enrich their lives in whatsoever ways their judgment and discretion shall urge, barring only one thing—they are not to interfere, by the nature of their festivities, with one another. They are to be considerate and mindful of one another and create no disturbance. That is all. That is the whole of it. There is not the slightest obligation to go to church, or refrain from going to a theater or a fair. Do as you please. The church may not say to the theater on that day, "I am holier than thou. I open my doors; you close yours." Not to the Fair, the World's Fair or any other: "Close your gates that people may come to the Christian house of prayer." No; the theater, the Fair, can as well retort by a like demand on the church. But every such demand from whatever source is out of place. The one injunction on which all the people can agree is this: On this universal Rest-day go and do what you please, only let not your going or doing interfere with the same privilege to others—a privilege, a right withheld from no one.

If Christianity cannot hold its own against theater, fair, picnic, or whatever else, under this equal ruling, so much the worse for the Chris-

tian gospel. At any rate it should have no backing from the state.

One would suppose that this plain truth should be pretty well understood and accepted by this time. Perhaps it is, but the whole career of the Christian churches, with rare exceptions, shows only a determination to set at naught or reverse the plan of religious liberty which the Constitution ordained.

Twenty years ago their leading representatives solemnly proclaimed: "First, a nation is the creature of God; second, it is clothed with authority derived from God; third, it is under the dominion of Jesus Christ, the appointed ruler of nations; fourth, it is subject to the Bible, with special revelation of the moral law."

These propositions were deliberately set forth in a call issued for a national convention, whose business it should be to propose and secure, if possible, the adoption by the States of the following "amendment" to the National Constitution:

"We, the people of the United States, humbly acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the ruler among the nations, and His revealed will as of supreme authority, in order to constitute a Christian government, and in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the inalienable rights and blessings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to ourselves, our posterity, and all the inhabitants of the land, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America."

"Nothing can be plainer," as Francis E. Abbot pointed out at the time, "than that the contemplated change, if made, would involve a political revolution of the most sweeping and profound character. It would be the overthrow of the Free Republic and the erection of a Christian Theocracy in its stead."

The call was signed by William Strong, United States Supreme Court, and by a long list of vice presidents, including judges, governors, college presidents, professors, bishops, clergymen and ministers of every leading Protestant denomination, not omitting the Universalist, which was represented by "the Rev. A. A. Minor, D. D., President of Tufts College, Mass.," and the Unitarian, represented by the Rev. A. D. Mayo, D. D.,

one of many "gentlemen of Cincinnati concurring in the foregoing call."

As we remember, this "call" did not provoke a very exciting discussion at the time outside the circle of those immediately interested in the project. And if the project itself has slumbered since then, no one witnessing the extreme partisan, sectarian bias of leading Christian churches and ministers in this last year of grace, can for a moment doubt that it needs only the opportune moment to reanimate the old endeavor and bring it to the front as a great controlling feature of some State or national campaign. That the undertaking will ever be accomplished we do not believe. The whole country, it seems to us, is under too much headway in the opposite direction. Yet vigilance and steady effort in the education of the masses in liberal principles is strictly in order.

In his discourse at the time, which discourse should continue to be a tract for the times, Dr. Abbot did not mince his words nor disguise his horror of the proposed "amendment." He met the four propositions by declaring: "Here are four immeasurable, unfathomable falsehoods." Instead of their being true he proclaimed the following: "1. A nation is the creature of man. 2. It is clothed with no authority not derived from himself. 3. It is not under the dominion of Jesus Christ. 4. It is no more subject to the Bible than it is to the Koran or the Book of Mormon. These counter propositions are all implied in the saying of the Declaration of Independence that governments 'derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' The proposed 'amendment' involves the overthrow of the Declaration of Independence, root and branch, and the erection in its stead of the dismal catechism of the Westminster Assembly as the law of the land."

These judges and bishops and honorable senators of twenty years ago fully understood the meaning of their amendment. They comprehended the situation perfectly. Witness their own account as embodied in their "call." They therein proceed to say that "up to the time of the adoption of the Constitution acknowledgments of the Christian religion were made by all the States. And in the actual administration of the National Government the prin-

ciple is admitted. But the fundamental law of the nation, the Constitution of the United States, on which our government rests, and according to which it is to be administered, fails to make fully and explicitly any such acknowledgment. This failure has fostered among us mischievous ideas like the following: The Nation, as such, has no relations to God; its authority has no higher source than the will of the people; government is instituted only for the lower wants of man; the state goes beyond its sphere when it educates religiously, or legislates against profanity or Sabbath desecration."

Exactly so. And the business of all believers in and defenders of the Constitution as it stands, forbidding the union of church and state, is to see to it that the state shall not in the future "go beyond its sphere," neither to "educate religiously" nor to "legislate against Sabbath desecration," and whenever and wherever it has so done in times past, that it speedily retrace its steps. Let Sunday be a holiday, a rest-day for a free people. Let it become entirely an American Sunday, observed in a truly American fashion.

AMERICAN.

Correspondence

A BREATH FROM THE SOUTH.

DEAR UNITY: Parting with our good friends at Orlando, taking a farewell look at Lake Minnie, with its vividly reflected little world aglow with the morning sunlight, we set our faces homeward, leaving behind us the matins of the mocking-bird and the vespers of the mosquito, though truth to tell, the latter troubled us but little, while the former were a continual delight. The day was hot and dusty, and we wisely, like good travelers, ameliorated our discomfort by studying the ever-varying panorama from the car windows—the groves of stately pines; the lakes, large and small, which abound in Florida, and from which the natives draw much of their subsistence; men, boys, and portly "aunties," the latter with heads enveloped in huge calico sunbonnets, a protection from both mosquito and sun, dotted the banks, rod in hand and line in water, patiently waiting for a nibble; the flora, much of it

new to our Northern eyes; the swamps, with their bare-kneed cypress trees festooned with Spanish moss swaying gently to and fro in the breeze, and the canopy of finely cut bright green leaves lifting themselves out of their gray drapery toward the blue sky above. Now and then we would come to a cut through the swamp, making a cleared waterway or canal through the dense forest of cypress and moss. Here we would catch sight of a dugout, with its solitary dark fisherman plying what we concluded to be the avocation of the cabin dwellers when orange picking and packing was over, and we mused on the past of this land and its future. What will the next decade bring to Florida? All along the line of the road, in the midst of young orange groves, little hamlets were springing up of one-storied frame dwellings with their galerie (as indispensable to a Southern house as a chimney to a Northern one), in the vicinity of a lake or stream, often built around a little lake, that evidently the center of attraction. The country is very flat and very white, for the soil is white sand, which, though it looks uninviting to the agriculturist, forms a fine contrast to the dark glossy green of the orange leaves and evidently the soil in which its roots revel. Grass gets no root hold here, and a green sward is only the result of care and cost, though the woods are gay with flowers. Only sour oranges remain hanging upon the trees until summer, when they will yield a grateful flavor to the drink of the thirsty inhabitants. Florida's rainy season is summer time.

Evening brought us to Jacksonville, where we bade our companion, who took a more direct northerly course, good-by. We were content to retire early, though not to sleep, as we had hoped. The air seemed full of martial music and cheers until a late hour, which were wafted in at our open window. At the depot next morning there were hearty leave-takings among elderly gentlemen and everybody seemed to be either "Colonel," "Major," or "General," save the women and negroes, and we learned there had been a Confederate reunion in the city.

Thursday was as uncomfortably warm as its predecessor, the scenery more varied, the land more undulating, but we missed the lakes or

ponds; the woods, however, were filled with a great profusion of flowers, white, red, purple and yellow. We crossed the Suwannee River, though we saw nothing of "the ole' folks at home," however, the train newsboy informed us, with as much pride, possibly more, even, than a Boston boy might evince in heralding his nativity on Beacon Hill, that "I was born on this rivah."

Dawn next day brought us into Pass Christian, which we found even more beautiful and attractive than we left it eight years ago. This coast town, with its miles of shell road skirting the Gulf on one side, with wharfs, bath houses, trees, resting places, and vast expanse of water, and on the other inviting residences, beautifully cultivated grounds filled with semi-tropical fruits, flowers, and foliage, its wealth of magnolia and live oak trees, its fragrance of roses, its background of Georgia pines, its living interest of humanity—humanity in holiday mood mostly. Little wonder that it is becoming a gay resort the year round—Chicago and the North in winter, New Orleans and the South in summer. Here we stopped only for "How do you do," "Good-by," and a deep draught of beauty, and on to New Orleans—that city so full of oldness, by-gones mingled with the freshness and life of to-day, a city peculiarly itself, always interesting, always fascinating, with its French Market, St. Louis Cathedral, and Ursula Convent, with their surroundings and history, the shrines of St. Roch, and numerous monuments. A little one visiting the city for the first time exclaimed in front of the Margaret monument, that beautiful tribute to a hard-working, large-hearted woman, "Why, papa, how many monuments New Orleans has. They even erect them to women," testimonies to a love of the noble in the people.

Sunday morning we went to the quaint little Unitarian church, so permeated with the life and labors of Rev. Theodore Clapp, who gave of himself so largely—not to his own little flock, but to the whole city—gave himself so grandly that when an Eastern brother said to him, after one of those terrible ravages of yellow fever, when he hurried back to the plague-stricken city from an intended summer rest and labored incessantly with the suffering: "You

have done nobly, my brother, and you will surely get you reward." "Get my reward! Why, I am getting my reward all the time," replied the great-hearted Clapp.

What a strange medley church history is. When we go back to the planting of Presbyterianism in New Orleans and find that as usual the ambitious little movement begged all it could and then finished up by running deeply, irrevocably into debt and then extricated itself by getting through the Louisiana Legislature a lottery which they sold for \$25,000, and then sold the property to a munificent Jew whom they knew they could trust to pay the \$20,000 still due and allow them the free use of the property, which he did, though of course he would have been excluded from their communion had he desired it. Yet out of all this faithlessness there came to this city, through this church, this man who held sway so long by the power of his humanity, his devotion to man, his faith in the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, all men, and it was this very spirit, this very loyalty, that transferred him from the narrower to the broader faith and gave to the city its Unitarian Church, which we found rejoicing in a young man who had come for a year at least. They had been ministered unto so long from "day unto day" by "visiting brethren," that a whole man, all their own, was something to hold a jubilee over, and they opened the Southern Conference with his installation. We felt constrained to tarry, at least, to the opening, though it interfered with other plans, and we had stopped merely to give a word of greeting and good-fellowship to the young man and woman who had left home and home folk, congenial surroundings and associations and bravely faced this call to labor earnestly, devotedly, for people who need them; their buoyancy, hope, faith in the future of this band of faithful, determined men and women. The society, on its part, has entered heartily into the work of helpfulness, the Lend a Hand has beautified the social rooms and the parish is full of projects of improvement and furtherance of vigorous work. The church was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers for the installation. On one side of the pulpit a large portrait, on the other a marble bust of Theodore Clapp, be-

longing, not to the church, as we could but feel they ought, but to two of his parishioners. We use the present tense, for he still ministers unto them.

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent."

Mr. Fenn came, with the strength and freshness of our Fair city upon him, and delighted everybody with the vigor and scholarship of his installation sermon. The next morning we enjoyed the devotional meeting, led by the new pastor, and the business session, deeply regretting our inability to tarry longer and see and hear more of the brethren in this interesting field. As we listened to the reports from the various churches and missions, there came to us these lines of Lowell;

"Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passions of great hearts;
These are their stay, and when the leaven world
Sets its hard face against their faithful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe."

Then, amid heat and dust, we took the I. C. limited for home. How we longed for a bracing breeze from Lake Michigan. We were heated through and through; went to our berth fairly sweltering. The next evening we were welcomed at Oakland with, "I've a close carriage here waiting. Muffle up well. Worst blizzard we have had for some time. Awfully cold." And we were whirled through wind and sleet into the hospitable atmosphere of All Souls, with its warmth, its glow, its homeiness, into its home.

S. C. L. J.

MR. GOULD'S RESOLUTION.

To the Editor of Unity:

All who are in the vanguard of Unitarianism must agree that the aim of Rev. A. W. Gould, as set forth in his "open letter" in UNITY for April 13 is grand and inspiring. But is it realizable? Over against the "no narrower sense" in which certain men and organizations hold the name Unitarian stands, its actual *established* sense, the sense it received in 1865, when the die of Unitarianism was cast, when it became another of the Christian sects. The name Unitarian implies "anti-Trinitarian" and "Christian," whatever else it may represent. These are its ineffaceable features, and with these freedom, *true* freedom, is in-

compatible. Hence since the broad sense which the W. U. C. proposes to attach to the name Unitarian, cannot in the nature of things be the sense which the whole denomination will accept, what other rational, practical, alternative is there but to say to the denomination, "We recognize the established significance of the name Unitarian, we would gladly indorse a new and broader statement of its meaning; but since we cannot carry the whole denomination in this effort, we frankly reject it because we cannot give our assent to the limitations which inhere in the name."

Until this logical and consistent position is taken, the conflict between words and ideas cannot end. Two principles are at war with each other, authority and freedom, and between them must every man choose; both cannot be held logically and consistently, for they are mutually exclusive. The spirit of the W. U. C. is inspiring to a degree, but it cherishes the vain expectation that the name Unitarian will yet be made to mean just what the conference desires it should imply. Therefore, to use an old illustration, seeing that the Great Eastern cannot be made to go the way of the conference row-boat, let the conference cut the cord that connects it with the Great Eastern and steer its skiff its own way.

To be able to call one's boat one's own and to steer it "toward one's highest ideals" is far nobler than dodging behind the Great Eastern, however handsomely equipped she may be.

Better it is to run the risk of being capsized in the free church wherry than to follow in the wake of the Unitarian steamer when her flag and her course are not such as the free soul respects. Courage and conscience—these are the needs of the hour.

ALFRED W. MARTIN.

TACOMA, Wash., April 24, 1893.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST. By the authors of "Progressive Orthodoxy." Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 233. \$1.

THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 305. \$1.25.

THE GOSPEL OF PAUL. By Charles Carroll Everett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 305. \$1.50.

EL NUEVO MUNDO: A Poem. By Louis James Block. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 16mo. pp. 95. \$1.

UNITARIAN BELIEF.

16 Tracts by 8 Authors, setting forth the principles, doctrines and basis of fellowship of the Unitarian Church. All mailed for 25 cents. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Church-Door Pulpit

NOT INSTITUTIONS, BUT HOMES.

Being the Fourth in the Course on "Applied Religion," Preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

God setteth the solitary in families.—Psalms lxxviii. 6.

The boast of modern society is the amount expended in benevolent purposes. Our cities point with pride to their charitable "institutions." Our own city is justly proud in the possession of many such institutions, generously planned, nobly built, comfortably supported, many of them backed by substantial endowments. A report of the Chicago charities for the year 1891, prepared by the Illinois Conference of Charities and Corrections, has a map of the city of Chicago upon which the locations of the permanently located institutions of the city are marked with red numbers. Forty-two such are indicated. Eleven of them are asylums for children, in the way of permanent "Homes." Seven more are classed under the head of "Industrial Schools." The eleven asylums for children sheltered during the year 1891, 3,164 different children for a longer or shorter period, at a total cost of \$103,747, or an average cost per child of a little over \$32. The seven "industrial schools," four of which are boarding or home schools, accommodated 2,507 children at a total of \$103,748, or over \$40 per child. This does not count the 217 children given shelter in day nurseries, or the children, of whom there are perhaps not a thousand, placed in homes by other institutions. Altogether, this expensive and elaborate machinery, with its fifteen or more permanent buildings, many of them reared on very costly ground, gave temporary shelter to about 5,000 children in the city of Chicago. In that same year there were arrested in the city 12,871 minors, 240 of them under 10 years of age, at a cost of \$25 each.

Let me not chill the humane efforts or discount the generous impulses of this city. Let me not be ungrateful for the amount of love given to these little ones who seem to have been thrown upon a loveless world. It is not that these massive buildings, with their "modern improvements," well heated and well ventilated, and in the main well managed, are not much better than something worse. They are providential shelters that have soothed the breaking hearts of little ones and eased the way of thousands along the sad, rebellious paths of premature death. They have taken the hands of thousands more and tried to lead them into ways of industry and into habits of usefulness, making of them self-reliant and self-supporting men and women.

But I believe there is a more excellent way. These institutions will some day appear as cruel, unnatural

and monstrous as now seem the old alms-houses, poor-houses and pauper barracks of a century ago. These institutions are unscientific and unnatural, and consequently fail under such artificial conditions to build up character. A beautiful institution may be a miserable place for the plastic soul of a child. The more excellent its management, the more methodic the administration, the less play is there for individual peculiarities, the less need of self-administration, personal responsibility and direction. I know not which to pity the more, the boy who knows not where his to-morrow's dinner is to come from, through whose tattered clothes the cruel winter winds find easy access to an underfed body and cause it to shiver like an aspen leaf in the summer breeze, or that other boy, dressed in uniform, at least when he goes to meeting, who is scrubbed by rule, fed from a printed bill of fare, who always knows on what days bean or potato soup is to be expected; who knows which are pie and which are pudding days; the boy who is marched to the table, marched to his play-ground, marched to his bed, and who is sure that he will have a methodic funeral if he dies. I say I know not which of these two boys to pity the more, but I suspect that the chances of the former boy to a useful manhood are greater than those of the latter. I have nothing to say against this method in institutions. If institutions are to be maintained, they can be maintained in no other way. All I say is that the military standard is not the one that fits for life. I pity the men who live in barracks, except when called thereto by a high necessity and permeated with a noble cause that leads to self-forgetfulness.

* * * * *

All this would be very ungracious talk did I not frankly confess that these institutions are better than something worse—the exponents of the better side of society, hopeful harbingers of better things, and did I not in the second place believe and insist that there is a better way already feasible, the practicality of which is demonstrated. This way, for the sake of convenience, I will call the Philadelphia method. Ten years ago and more, a few of the philanthropic and progressive women of Philadelphia, who made it their business to co-operate with the institutions for the relief of children in that city, probably no other city in America has brought these institutions to such perfection, grew sick at heart over the pale children, the premature little men and women, the artificial conditions which these institutions necessitated, and their poor results and unsatisfying outcome. For the truth must be confessed, a truth well established by the statistics of institutions in Europe and America, the children who come out of these institutions do not yield

very encouraging results. The pliable, obedient, well-ordered child in the institution who, for from one to ten years has handed over his own will to the matron, who has had his clothes fitted to him, his food prepared for him, his days mapped out for him, enters life with a paralyzed will. He goes into the world, it may be, with a somewhat trained head and somewhat skilled fingers, but without a trained will. He has not been toughened by hard knocks, disciplined by mistakes all his own, and above all, he has not caught the *esprit de corps*, the enthusiasm that comes from the struggle of life, from winning his own friends and struggling for his own money.

These Philadelphia women sought a more excellent way. They organized under a State law the "Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania." They said, "Not institutions, but Homes;" other things being equal, "Not city, but country;" and, to begin with at least, "Not Charity with a capital C, but business; not charity, but justice all around." These women did not ask for a dollar to put into brick and mortar. They coveted no city real estate. They established no soup houses. They bought no cots and made no beds. They simply sought desk room for a very few skillful agents. They constituted themselves a transplanting bureau, transferring children who were homeless and friendless from the close and artificial confinement of the city to the simple but wholesome homes of industrious mechanics and farmers, and there paying for their board, getting family surroundings at lower rates than the child could be maintained at in the institutions of the city. Ten years ago these women found children confined in the poor-houses all over the State of Pennsylvania. They secured the passage of a law making it a punishable crime to confine children in any poor-house in the State for more than sixty days, and then they said to the reformatories and county commissioners, "Give us the custody of these children. Pay us what it costs you to keep them and we will find them boarding places in the homes of good, hard-working farmers, where the child will find his way back into normal relations. We will not give these children away. We will not tempt selfish men and women to adopt them for the work they will get out of them. At first it will be a purely business relation." From the start they found in the State of Pennsylvania ten times as many chances as they could utilize for boarding children at \$1.75 per week in good, kind country and village homes. Having thus made a beginning in rescuing children from the alms-houses and reformatories of the State, they continued their work in providing for the inevitable stream of helpless and dependent children that come from

the police courts, from the sin-stricken and death-stricken parentage of a great city, and at last they found themselves rescuing children from the institutions of Philadelphia, saving the children from the asylums for children, and they have absolutely closed up some of the established institutions of that city. These voluntarily went out of business because they had nothing so good to offer the homeless boy and girl as a chance to live in the clean home of a Chester County Quaker, where he would have to eat in the kitchen, and perhaps sleep in the attic, but where he could play with the dog, go get the cows, watch the calves, hunt hens' eggs, begin to be useful, and where, very likely, at the end of six months, the good Quaker wife would come to the conclusion that Johnny had better stay. The family would relinquish his board money and get a paper from the committee that Johnny should not be taken away so long as his stay was mutually agreeable. All this while Johnny is under the eye of some benevolent member of this "Aid Society," nearly all of whom, I believe, are women, as they ought to be. At the end of a year he may be adopted by the family, though that is a privilege granted hesitatingly, and only after abundant proof that the love life, which alone justifies such a transaction, is well started. Over five years ago I spent two days in investigating the workings of this society. Last summer I visited their rooms again and found the same undramatic, inconspicuous, silent but divine work going on with increasing confidence and widening success, and the possibilities for placing these dependent children of the public in unquestionably wholesome private families, most of them industrious, hard-working, poor, industrious farmers and mechanics, at \$1.75 to \$2 per week, exceeding their demand a hundred-fold. Who will say that such a home, where the child will grow up surrounded by the environments from which he must eventually wring his living, if he is to be an honest man, is not better than any modern, steam-heated "Home," with a capital "H," ever can be, where the child becomes accustomed to conveniences and luxuries which it cannot hope to enjoy when once outside the "institution."

* * * * *

I do not urge this family method of helpfulness for its economy, but for its humanity, for its manifest sense and for its boundless possibilities. But it has its economic phase of much interest. Society divides itself for present purposes into three quite clearly defined classes, viz: First, the unfortunate, dependent class who, for good reasons, are unable to provide for themselves. This class certainly includes the children, the sick and the very aged. Second, a wealthy class who hold an unearned increment as well as a benevo-

lent purpose, who have money but no time or place with which they may help the needy. Third, the self-supporting industrial class who would like to help or care for these dependent ones if they could afford it. They have labor and house and heart-room which they would be glad to put to bread-winning service for themselves and others. It is the existence of this class, and its availability for charitable purposes, that is almost entirely ignored in our philanthropic schemes. All over our country there are those who would be glad of the opportunity to earn a little money in this way. Chicago spent in 1891, in round numbers, \$104,000 upon her asylums for children, without counting her permanent investments. How many comforts, how much light that would have carried into one thousand poor farmers' homes who would have been glad to board, the whole year round, one of these unfortunate children for \$104, or \$2 per week. There are plenty of farmers in Illinois who, with the raw food material at hand, would realize from one such child more income than from any other one source on his farm, and he would be able to give in return to the child what the best city institution ever reared could not give it. The city is constantly robbing the country of its intelligence and its health. Without that constant stream of energy from the farm, this and every other metropolis would collapse. It would wither from inanity. Its manhood would disappear and its womanhood would be lost in the labyrinths of social form and nerveless etiquette. Let the city send back some of its well-earned money, some of its surplus funds. Let what is now being piled up into stone walls in the name of charity be invested in the honest homes of the sturdy and industrious men and women on the farms. Let us pay them for reconstructing the image we have deformed, restoring the outlines that we in the city have defaced, thereby giving them a chance to train up another set of toilers in their fields and kitchens and send back a percentage of them able to cope with the temptations and competitions of the city. Oh, if we can give nothing else to the orphan child let us give it sunshine, give it the cheapest of blessings, plenty of out-of-doors. Let the little one who misses the mother heart know the sweet companionship of the farmyard, the beauties of the meadow, and the glories of the forest and the orchard.

* * * * *

I have been talking chiefly about child-helping institutions, but the principle is equally applicable to all the institutions where there is no need of expert professional skill, such as in hospitals, schools for the feeble-minded and the deaf mute. But even in these, the cruel classification should be ignored as soon as possible.

The best educated blind people are those who have taken their chances in the public school, who have seen with their ears and through the kindly eyes of their classmates, of whom there are always willing ones for such uses. Our institutions of charity, so-called, represent at best the cruel kindness of the thoughtless and the selfish, those who buy themselves free from the law of mutual service with money. Most of the institutions we are proud of represent a pathos unspeakable. The inmates represent a "happy family" more miserable than that exhibited at the circus. Take our most popular ones, such as the "Old People's Homes." Why should old age be made such an instrument of mockery? What cruel law of kindness is this that shuts sixty or a hundred septuagenarians off by themselves where they must shout in each other's deaf ears and where there must be a universal anxiety about spectacles? It is because it is the best we can do now, but it is not so good as what we shall some day learn to do. In 1891 Chicago had 869 inmates in six different old people's institutions, and it cost to keep them, without making any allowance for the valuable properties involved, which must amount to several millions, \$588,244. What comfortable homes with pleasant people might be secured where every old lady would be "grandma" to somebody and every old man "grandpa" to something, if that money were taken outside this noisy city into the beautiful homes of Lake, McHenry, or Kane Counties. If there is cruelty in these, the tenderest nu sings of our institution of charity, how much more cruel is the grouping of people by virtue of their misfortunes, their mistakes and their crimes. What inhumanity there is in these names, if not in these things: "Erring Women's Home," "Foundling's Home," "Home for the Friendless," "Home for Incurables," "Home for Crippled Children," what sarcasm in such uses of the word "home." Who are you who are not in an "erring woman's home?" Who am I that should pronounce any soul "friendless" and should proceed to corral such and call the corral a "home," instead of helping each to where he may make friends if he has none? Where is the line crossing which we become "old people?" I believe it is fixed at sixty years in the charters of some of our institutions, but what of those senile people at forty? and those like Gladstone and Martineau, youthful at eighty? Let us scatter and not congregate these unfortunates so that the divine law of helpfulness, the natural exchange of strength and weakness, the human sympathies, may have their legitimate play. Let us not multiply arbitrary distinctions and magnify accidental differences.

These artificial contrivances have other dangers. It is thus we generate the thing we would cure. Pauper-

ism and dependency grow like weeds in a garden upon our institutional systems. When Kings County, New York, built a noble palace for its pauper children the number suddenly sprang up from 300 to 1,400 applicants. Build this year an institution for 300 crippled children, and it will be filled by next year. Build an annex for 300 one-legged boys, and promptly they will be forthcoming. Put an annex on the other side for one-armed girls, and it would not be long before it also will be filled. Our so-called charitable "institutions" put a premium on dependence instead of being a challenge to self-reliance as they ought to be. Chris Berger, a valiant comrade of mine in the army, came home with his left hand gone and the thumb off his right hand, and instead of going to a "Soldiers' Home," as he might, he went to his family. Wife and children became left hand and thumb to him. So with them "Chris" was almost as good as new, and he went on with that stump of a hand, plowing and teaming, working and planning, and every farmer for miles around was ready to help out "Chris," and he is to-day an independent farmer in Wisconsin. If he had gone to one of the many "Soldiers' Homes" he would have been an unhappy imbecile all these years. The unkindest cut the Government ever gave to its citizen soldiers are these falsely called "Homes," where brave men are allowed to rot in their debauchery. One half of the amount of money invested would have paid for the board and washing of every one of the soldiers who ought not to be neglected. Not institutions, but homes for them as for others. Not more money, but more brains do we want. This higher charity will recognize the cruelty, the brutality of thus robbing people of their wills, robbing children of their individuality. I did and do love and revere the blue that marks the guardian of the best nation on the globe, but oh, how sick I became of three years of uniform, and how my soul leaped up when once more I found myself dressed as an individual with other responsibilities and privileges than that of "covering my file leader, touching elbows to the right, and keeping the regulation step." I look for the new philanthropy that will demolish our institutions, use the money to put our unfortunates, particularly our unfortunate children, into homes, not for "charity's sake," not, at first, for love but for money, fair exchange on business terms.

Charles L. Brace, of blessed memory in New York city, inaugurated a holy work when he gathered the refuse children of New York together, washed and clothed them, brought them West in train-loads and scattered them through the farmer homes of Iowa, Minnesota, and Illinois. This had its dangers. There were some sad consequences, but a child had better be lost on the prairie than

in the slums of New York. There was more show for him in the hands of a brutal farmer than in the den of thieves from which he was gathered. But this Philadelphia plan avoids most of these dangers. It does not give over the children. The officers of the society watch over them, and will relinquish their trust only into the arms of greater love than theirs, and a nearer care than they can exercise.

The great objection to this movement is the crowning argument for it. It means greater personal attention. It means work, love-work, work that will bring no credit, offer no tangible results. The ambition that makes a good institution, clean walls, prompt discipline, gay uniform, the martial bearing and military step and all that, is left out of this method. Let it go, we have had enough of it; too much of it! There is rising in this dawn of the twentieth century a new and a providential class of workers who are about to learn a truer incentive to work than this external parade. It was no mere chance that led to the organization of this Philadelphia society by a body of women, liberal, progressive women at that. Such women are the predestined almoners of the new charity. The exigencies of American life and the triumph of inventions are fast making a leisure class for us here, a class of people who may have some part of every day for themselves if they will, and some portion of every week for the public weal, if they will, and that class is made up of the women of our communities. Into their hands must we intrust much, not all, of this work. When the stone walls, with their cruel exclusions, fall from between the unfortunate dependents of society and the world, there will be built around them a living wall of mother hearts, they will be woven into the sacred tissue of human society. The final completion of this home-making will be intrusted to the hands of her who first built the fire on the hearthstone. When woman comes to her majority and seeks and accepts her share of this common trust, then men will intrust her with the revenues she has aided in gathering. She will see to it that "even the solitary are set in families." City money and country willingness, love and opportunity, will combine in reclaiming the dependent back into independence. Then the country will become the natural asylum of the sick and the poor, and the city will rightly bear its full share of the burden. Let the city pay the country for the work which it now does so poorly itself. Five years ago there were over 300 women in the State of Pennsylvania engaged in this divine farming, and only three or four of them received salaries. I presume it is now managed in the same way.

Let us not go begging of the poor farmers to take care of our paupers,

but ask them to co-operate with us in the mutual work of giving homes to the homeless, making love and wisdom do the work which to-day is imperfectly done by brick and mortar. This will be a slow and difficult task. There will be objections, disappointments, failures, but we must remember that we are not supplanting a faultless system, we can scarcely do less or poorer than we are doing now. We may and ought to do much better. When the church comes down to live on the earth, and with Jesus welcomes the little ones as members of the heavenly kingdom, then we may begin to do some good in the world on lines that will last.

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"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Prompt to act, sure to cure

Notes from the field

W. U. C. Announcement. The Treasurer of the Western Conference reports the following receipts:

Amount previously reported.....	\$1,419.04
From First Unitarian Society, Greeley, Col.....	10.00
From Unitarian Society, Menominee, Wis.....	10.00
All Souls' Church, Janesville, Wis.....	20.00
	<hr/> \$1,459.04

Each year there come in contributions from churches and individuals at the assembling of the Conference in annual meeting, and the Treasurer will await these. It would be a great convenience to him, however, if these could be sent somewhat sooner, or if he could be notified beforehand of the amounts to be expected from the respective churches having yet made no contribution.

Chicago: W. U. C. Directors' Meeting. A meeting of the Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference was held at 175 Dearborn street at 2:30 p. m., April 25. Present, Messrs. Blake, Gould, Hosmer, Van Inwagen, West, and Miss Hultin. Several resident members were out of the city, including President Shorey. Mr. Van Inwagen was called to the chair. The monthly report of Treasurer Leonard was read by the Secretary, including a letter received by Mr. Leonard from Rev. J. L. Jones, accompanying the latter's payment on Endowment-Fund subscription, stating that said payment was made under protest, and asking that the letter be read at the Directors' meeting. As the Board has hitherto declined to act on the point raised, leaving it to the action of the Conference in annual meeting, no action was taken on the letter.

The Secretary, as chairman of the committee on the Conference program, made a final report. Some discussion as to the best arrangement of some parts of the program followed. It was voted that to the note* ordered at the last meeting to be inserted upon the program, there be added the following:

"By instruction of the Board of Directors, at the meeting of April 25, four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon (May 17) is fixed for the above purpose."

Mr. Gould, as chairman of the committee on the World's Fair exhibit, reported the Unitarian booth as nearly ready for use, and also read letters from Secretary Reynolds, of Boston, in regard to the contribution of the A. U. A. to the exhibit and in defraying the expenses involved. At Mr. Gould's suggestion the Directors voted a present appropriation of \$75. Adjourned to Monday, May 15, at 2:30 p. m. F. L. HOSMER, Sec'y.

[*N. B. The note here referred to reads thus: "The Secretary has received official information from some members of the Conference that the resolution, supplementary to the Cincinnati resolution, passed at the last meeting of the Conference, will be brought up for further consideration during the coming meeting, and the Business Committee will provide a suitable time for it."]

Western Unitarian Conference.—The program of the Western Anniversaries, to be held in Chicago next week, is given below:

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

TUESDAY, MAY 16.

- 9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting.
- 10:00 a. m. Address of the President, Rev. Ida C. Hultin; Report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Marion H. Perkins; Report of Mrs. B. C. Reed, Secretary of the Post Office Mission.
- 10:45 a. m. Reports of the various branch organizations; brief addresses by representatives of the National Alliance of Unitarian and other Christian Women; the New York League of Unitarian Women; the Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian Women.
- 12:00 m. Transaction of Business.
- 1:00 p. m. Intermission. Lunch served in the Church.
- 2:00 p. m. Paper: The Effect of Liberal Thought upon the Character and Work of Women; Rev. Mila F. Tupper. Discussion of the Paper: (a) The effect upon the happiness of women; Mrs. Celia P. Woolley. (b) The effect upon the devotional spirit of women; Rev. Sophie Gibb. (c) The effect upon the practical activities of women; Mrs. W. C. Gannett.
- 3:30 p. m. Original Poem: The Present Hour; by Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton.

Western Unitarian Conference.

(Thirty-ninth annual session.)

MONDAY, MAY 15.

- 2:30 p. m. Meeting of Board of Directors.

TUESDAY, MAY 16.

- 7:45 p. m. Opening Service; Sermon by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17.

- 9:00 a. m. Devotional Meeting, led by Rev. George W. Buckley, Sturgis, Mich.
- 10:00 a. m. Business session of the Conference; Opening Address by the President, Hon. D. L. Shorey; Report of the Secretary, Rev. F. L. Hosmer; Report of the Treasurer, Mr. Myron Leonard; brief reports of State Missionary work, and of Rev. T. B. Forbush, Western Superintendent of the American Unitarian Association; Appointment of Committees.
- 12:00 m. Paper: The Free Church and what it will Cost; Rev. Charles F. Dole, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
- 1:00 p. m. Intermission; Lunch served in the Church.
- 2:00 p. m. Discussion of Mr. Dole's Paper, led by Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Dr. H. W. Thomas and Rev. John W. Chadwick.
- 4:00 p. m. Special Business.*
- 7:45 p. m. Paper: The Relation of the Pulpit to the Social and Economic Questions of the Day; Rev. Allen W. Gould, Hinsdale, Ill. Discussion of Mr. Gould's Paper: Speakers, J. Laurence Laughlin, Head Professor of Political Economy in Chicago University; William G. Hale, Head Professor of Latin in Chicago University; Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House; M. M. Mangasarian, of the Ethical Culture Society; a representative of the Salvation Army, to be announced.

THURSDAY, MAY 18.

- 9:00 a. m. Devotional Meeting, led by Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes.
- 10:00 a. m. (Sunday School Society: v. Program below.)
- 12:00 m. Business Session of the Conference.
- 1:00 p. m. Intermission; Lunch served in the Church.
- 2:00 p. m. Business Session; closing business of the Conference.
- 8:00 p. m. Closing Service; Sermon by Rev. John W. Chadwick.

*The following note appears upon the program by instruction of the Board of Directors of the W. U. C., March 7:

The Secretary has received official information from some members of the Conference that the Resolution, supplementary to the Cincinnati Resolution, passed at the last meeting of the Conference, will be brought up for further consideration during the coming meeting, and the Business Committee will provide a suitable time for it.

By instruction of the Board of Directors at the meeting of April 25, four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, May 17, is fixed for the above purpose.

Mrs. Ballington Booth has been invited, and it is yet hoped that she may be able to accept; but word had not been received from her when the program went to press.

Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

THURSDAY, MAY 18.

- 10:00 a. m. Report of the President, Rev. Allen W. Gould; Report of the Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Marion H. Perkins.
- 10:20 a. m. A Sunday-school Experience Meeting, with brief talks on: The Teachers' Meeting, by Rev. J. L. Jones; The Talk to All, by Rev. W. W. Fenn; The Blackboard, by Rev. W. C. Gannett; The Infant Class, by Mrs. Effie E. Holway, of Decorah, Iowa; The Religious Aspects of Citizenship, by Rev. C. F. Dole; The Children of Non-Churchgoers, by Rev. A. M. Judy; The Festivals, by Rev. J. V. Blake; The One-Topic System, by Rev. J. T. Sunderland; The Six Years' Course, by Prof. J. B. Johnson, Washington University, St. Louis. General Discussion.
- 11:45 a. m. Election of officers and other business.

Notice to Delegates and Attendants: Delegate, and attendants at the meetings will report, upon arrival, at Unity Church, Dearborn Avenue, corner of Walton Place. Take either the Clark Street or State Street cars to the North Side, stopping at Walton Place.

Owing to the unusual demand already made upon private hospitality in the city, by reason of the World's Fair, arrangements have been made to secure comfortable accommodations for those so desiring; and a list of these, with prices, will be shown at the church. Lunch will be served each day in the church parlors.

It will prove a mutual accommodation if friends coming to the conference will send their names beforehand to "Unity Church Committee, the Plaza Hotel."

NOTE.—Delegate Membership in the Western Unitarian Conference shall be acquired by certificate of appointment by any religious society or organization that shall have, during the previous year, contributed not less than \$10 to the Conference. Such society or organization may be so represented by three general delegates, and one additional delegate for each thirty families connected with such society or church. And such delegates, together with all officers of the Conference, the officers of the State Conferences within its limits, of the Sunday-school Society, of the Women's Western Conference, and all missionaries at work within its limits, alone have the right to vote.

Delegate Membership in the Women's Western Unitarian Conference shall be acquired by certificate of appointment by any religious society or organization that shall have, during the previous year, contributed not less than \$5 dollars to the Conference; and such society or organization may be represented by two general delegates.

Weirs, N. H.—The sixteenth annual Grove Meeting at this place will begin on Sunday, July 31, and end on Sunday, Aug. 7. As usual, besides the best Unitarian speakers, ministers of several denominations will be invited in the interests of a broad religious fellowship.

Greeley, Col.—The fourth annual session of the Rocky Mountain Conference of Liberal Christian Churches was held at the Unitarian Church at Greeley, Colo., April 28, 29, and 30. Friday evening the opening services were conducted by Rev. R. E. Blount, of Greeley, and Rev. W. R. G. Mellen, of Colorado Springs. The sermon, "Has Religion a Future?" was delivered by Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago. Saturday morning, reports of Secretary and Treasurer, appointment of committees, and reports from the churches of the conference was followed by a discussion of "Missionary Means and Methods," opened by Mr. Forbush. The following officers were elected: President, F. E. Smith, Greeley; Vice Presidents, Ivers Phillips, Boulder, and Mrs. C. W. Burrage, Canon City; Secretary, C. E. Montague, Denver; Treasurer, F. Shepard, Denver.

Directors: W. C. Selleck, Denver; Mrs. David Utter, Salt Lake City; Mrs. J. T. Lincoln, Longmont; Rev. W. R. G. Mellen, Colorado Springs; Rev. J. H. Crocker, Helena; Mrs. H. R. Wilson, Denver; Mrs. C. B. Sanborn, Greeley; Rev. G. H. Taylor, Rocky Ford.

Saturday, p. m.—Reports from woman's societies, branch alliances, and the Postoffice Mission were given. A paper, "Sunday-school Mission Work in a Large City," by Mrs. H. R. Wilson, was read and discussed.

At six o'clock a supper was served in Odd Fellows' Hall by the ladies of Unity Circle. More than one hundred persons partook, and enjoyed the social and informal reception that occupied the time till the opening of the evening session. There the discussion upon "The Church and Social Reforms" was opened by Rev. S. A. Eliot, of Denver, followed by Senator David Boyd and Dr. H. R. Wilson.

The Sunday morning service was opened by Mr. Blount and Rev. S. Peebles of Glenwood Springs. The sermon, "The True Line of Religious Progress," by Rev. S. A. Eliot, was delivered to a large audience.

Sunday afternoon the Sunday-school session was most interesting. Three papers were read, each followed by an animated discussion, "The Sunday-school and what it should stand for," by C. E. Montague, of Denver; "Sunday-school Work," by Mrs. C. B. Sanborn, of Greeley; and "The Relation of the Church and the Sunday-school," by Miss G. E. Watson, of Denver. The work laid out for Sunday evening was partly omitted for lack of time.

Rev. G. H. Taylor, of Rocky Ford, gave the only address, the subject of which was "The Man or the Machine."

"The Conference has been thoroughly enjoyable," was a remark often heard among those who had been fortunate enough to attend.

S. E. H.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Sunday, May 1, marked the fourth anniversary of Rev. J. H. Palmer as minister of the Universalist Church. The *Gazette* published the sermon in full, with words of praise and warm recognition of Mr. Palmer's work.

World's Fair Notes

Ten days since the President "touched the button" and said (in substance): "The Columbian Exhibition is ready. The gates are open. Enter, behold, admire, be proud!"

What is the fact to-day?

The buildings are up—most of them.

The exhibits are mostly there. One-fourth, perhaps, are in place.

This much is an easy discovery.

The growler has his opportunity.

He drags himself around through the mud and cries: "What a fraud!"

The man who goes there cheerfully and takes things resignedly behaves better and fares better.

This man can only wonder.

As he gradually acquaints himself with the vast scope of the undertaking he marvels that so much has been accomplished.

One of two things were possible.

Either a far less splendid result, complete at the hour the "button" was sprung, or the grand scheme of building and display that has been adopted, to be finished on time, if possible, if not, then *as soon thereafter* as possible.

Let those grumble who will. For one, I would say: "Well done, faithful servants; you made the right choice. Before the summer is on, the world will applaud you."

And to all visitors: Go! go early. Take it leisurely. If you hurry, you will miss much and tire yourselves out ere the day is half done.

You may merely walk about your first day and view things from the outside. The White City seen from without is a vision for a lifetime. Where else in the world has the genius of man brought to view as by magic such a scene of marvelous beauty? In what other land, in what other age, has it been excelled?

If you surmise that this is extravagance, pay your money and go within the gates.

Don't bother much with "guides." Just wander. Chance on things. In true Columbian style make voyages of discovery!

Enter the first door!

Surprises await you.

Already you will find there all you can crowd into your first week's entertainment.

To me it is most interesting to see the workers at their work—opening boxes of mystery. They are a tableaux, a study; these fixers and arrangers there hustling, competent and cross—some of them.

I like to stand and watch them.

They are living pictures; good in tone, never out of drawing.

The United States Government Museum is by this date quite in order. It offers a liberal education by itself.

Go into the apartment of fine arts where France is unpacking what we expect will prove to be the finest display of sculpture in the whole art exhibit. All is confusion, but it is a most promising confusion. What workers these Frenchmen be!

Germany, Holland and Austria have their affairs in better shape.

Germany with her war paintings, triumphal processions, portraits and busts of her emperors and warriors gives to her exhibit a warlike tone. Emperor William III. appears with great frequency. His face, imperious, impetuous, open, frank; but not masterful like that of his rejected Bismarck.

Pass on and you shall see how the better things of Germany, like the better things everywhere, do not obtrude. The searching eye must find them out.

Otto Friedrich sends you his painting of the "Death of Dante." This alone repays you for your hour with Germany.

Holland sends the unique paintings of Artz. See one "daub" of a girl asleep on the side of the hill; another of a boy prone on the grass, his head raised.

"Daubs?"

Retreat a few paces; view them now from your seat. Do you say they are not great? This Artz shows how to do things without doing them.

Then there is Vos. Watch for everything Hubert Vos has done in oil or pastel.

The display of American sculpture is already interesting.

French's figure of "Death" arresting the young sculptor's work is beautiful, grandly impressive! It is the work of a master.

Notice Dallin's "Signal of Peace." Simply an Indian on horseback. So chaste is Dallin's art you may not feel its power at first. It does not assail your senses. It waits on your intelligence. Dallin is a son of Utah. A young man, a diligent, truthful worker. His work should make Utah a State.

More anon.

S. H. M.

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MON.—Adaptation grows with the inner consecration.

TUES.—A good servant knows how to efface himself.

WED.—Thy service may lie in thy patience.

THURS.—He is most my friend who teaches me self-reliance.

FRI.—We are the slaves of personality in all our affections.

SAT.—A soul's rays, looking Godward, *must* blend with all other rays thus tending.

—Trinities and Sanctities.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane.

Where the quail whistles low in the wheat
field

All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-tipped strawberry
grows,

They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder blooms white,
They find where the wild grapes purple
In the soft-tinted autumn light.

They know where the apples hang ripest
Red and amber as Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit is the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great,
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land;
The sword and the chisel and pallet,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—Selected.

THE INDIAN LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS.

Many of the dear little children of the kindergarten have heard the story of the little Indian boy Hiawatha, the son of West Wind; how his wrinkled old grandmother rocked him in his linden cradle lined with softest moss and rushes, and told him wonderful stories of the shining stars, of the broad white road in heaven, and of the rainbow where the lilies, the roses, and all the lovely flowers that have faded on earth, blossom again.

On the shore of that same shining Big Sea Water, where so often the little Hiawatha watched the silver moon as it rose from the rippling waves before the door of the wigwam, grows that sweetest and

daintiest of all wild flowers—the trailing arbutus, its rosy-tinted waxen petals bringing to us the fragrant breath of Spring herself; and this is the story the Indians tell of it:

Many, many moons ago, they say, there lived an old, old man all alone in his wigwam among the dark pines and firs. His long hair and beard were white as the snow that covered everything, and he was dressed in the skin of the bear to keep him warm, for all the world was winter then. The little brooks were locked fast with Jack Frost's strongest chains; the wind moaned through the trees, and not even a squirrel or a blue jay dared venture out.

The old man went about searching everywhere for some bits of wood to keep a fire in his wigwam, but he could find none. Then in despair he went back, and called to the Great Spirit to send him some warmth that he might not die. And as he sat there, stretching out his hands over the few coals that were left of his fire, the door of his tent was pushed aside and in came the most beautiful maiden! Her cheeks looked as if the pinkest wild roses were blooming there, her eyes were dark-blue, like clear skies at twilight, and shining like stars, and her hair was brown as the October chestnuts, and it touched the ground as she walked. Her dress was made of sweet grasses and ferns, and on her feet she wore the most beautiful white satin slippers in the world, for they were made of a shining white lily. Her breath was like the south wind when it blows over a field of clover, and it made the tent as warm and fragrant as a June day.

The old man said to her: "My daughter, I am glad to see you; but tell me who you are, that you come to my lodge dressed so strangely? Sit here and tell me of your country and your nation, and I will tell you of my wonderful deeds."

So the maiden sat down upon a mat of rushes, and the old man began: "I am all-powerful. I breathe, and the rivers and lakes are locked fast in icy chains."

"I breathe," said the maiden, "and the violet, the wind-flower, and all the lovely sisterhood spring up to greet me."

"I shake my white locks," said the old man, "and snow covers the ground."

"I shake my curls," said the maiden, "and from the clouds falls the warm rain, each little drop bringing freshness from heaven to the tiny roots that are waiting for it."

The old man said, "As I walk through the trees, at my command each leaf falls to the ground, the squirrels and beavers hide away in their holes, and from the lakes and rivers the wild geese and herons leave their nests among the reeds and rushes, and fly southward."

The maiden said, "At my coming the flowers lift up their heads, the

trees put on their dresses of tender green, the little brooks sing as they ripple over the pebbles, and the blue-birds, the robins, and the merry voices of children join in their song."

So they talked until, as it grew warmer and warmer in the tent, the old man's eyes grew heavy, and at last he slept. Then the maiden knelt beside him and waved her hands gently above his head, and he began to grow smaller. A tiny stream of water flowed from his mouth, and soon there was nothing but a small mass on the ground, and his clothing had all turned to green leaves. Then the maiden took from her dress the most lovely white flowers and hid them all about under the green leaves. As she breathed on them she said: "I give thee my most precious treasure and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick thee must do so on bended knee."

Then the maiden floated away through the woods and plains with a step so light that she seemed a bit of thistle-down blown by the wind; but wherever her foot touched the ground, there, and nowhere else, sprang up the rosy and white clusters of the fragrant arbutus.—Helen M. Perkins, in the Kindergarten.

ESSENTIALS OF CHARACTER.

JUSTICE.

"Stand fast to justice when ye bear witness before God, though it be against yourselves, or your parents, or your kindred."

A UNIVERSAL SENSE OF FAIRNESS.—There is a sense of justice which is born with every human soul, and even a dog will fight more bravely for a bone which he thinks is his own than for one which he would like to gnaw, but upon which he has no claim. Whenever this sense of justice can act unhindered by the baser motives that tend to crowd it aside, it will lift us into the region of God's righteousness.

This sense of justice or fairness ought to be cultivated in all our relations in life. It should begin with our earliest years, for justice between boy and boy and man and man is the ground of true life.

IN THE HOME justice requires exact fairness toward every member of it. Do not take the things of your smaller brothers and sisters because you are stronger, nor from the older members of the household because they will not resent it. Be fair, be manly, and ask no more than justice even from indulgent parents. It will help you in all places in life if you have learned in your own homes to give and take exact justice. Do not try to get things by teasing. It isn't fair; it isn't manly.

ON THE PLAY-GROUND one of the most frequent cries is "play fair," and it ought to be heeded. No game is good where cheating is practiced. Give the smallest child or the clum-

siest player a fair chance. Don't hide the toy you may have broken. "Own up." That is the only fair way. Divide things with an even hand. Don't sneer at an awkward player. It isn't fair. Give him a chance to do his best.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM the boy or girl who loves fairness will not annoy the teacher. It isn't fair; will not slyly eat things in school hours; will not take or give "prompts;" they are not fair. Be frank, open, manly, in all your school life.

IN SOCIAL LIFE justice is so important that the government establishes courts to maintain it, and builds prisons to punish those who violate it. On'y where strict justice is maintained is the best development possible, for only there are men encouraged to do their best. In the intercourse of friends and acquaintances the government does not attempt to maintain justice. That must be done by ourselves, but it is just as necessary for the truest and best society. Be just in your judgments of people, and in order to do so, try to see things from their standpoint.

IN BUSINESS LIFE justice is of prime importance. The common term of the street for justice in trade is "squareness." The boy who is "square" in his trades with the other boys, who gives each one full value for what he receives from him, will be likely to do the same in business when he becomes a man; and though a kind of success may come to the boy or the man whose sharp practices take unfair advantage of his fellows, the best success never comes from such dealings, and he whose every action is "square" builds both a good business and a noble character.

In its highest development the justice of man is akin to the justice of God. His eternal fairness is the foundation of all our trust. Our justice is but the imitation of his. The more we practice justice the more we shall reverence God, for we shall see Him more clearly.

H. C. McDUGAL.

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"The Woman's Journal has long been my outlet upon the great and widening world of woman's work, worth and victory. It has no peer in this noble office and ministry. Its style is pure and its spirit exalted."—*Frances E. Willard*.

"It is the most reliable and extensive source of information regarding what women are doing what they can do and what they should do. It is the oldest of the women's papers now in existence and has built up for itself a solid and unblemished reputation."—*Julia Ward Howe*.

"If anyone wishes to be informed on the woman question the Woman's Journal is the very best means. It is pure, healthful and interesting—a paper that anyone ought to be glad to introduce into his family for its literary merit alone, even if he did not believe in suffrage. I subscribe for it for my own grand daughters."—*Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace*.

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UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johnnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

At All Souls Mr. Jones will speak next Sunday morning on "The Strained Relation Between Natural Science and Religion." Suggested by Prof. Shaler's new book on the "Interpretation of Nature."

In the evening Helen M. Gougar, of Indiana, will speak from the same platform on "Universal Suffrage." Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Mr. Jones will preach at 7:30 p. m. before the Christian Union of the University of Chicago, at Cobb's Hall.

BLESSED BE DRUDGERY.—A sermon by W. C. Gannett; 2c, mailed. UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE, CHICAGO, ILL.

UNITY.

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